M.L96
.B[illegible]
W3
1966x

WANYECA.
(Firefly)

Wanyeca the night is sighing
Beloved O hear my plea
Wanyeca my soul is crying
Beloved come to me

Wanyecia be ever nigh
Light my darkened way
Wanyecia my firefly
O come hear thy lovers cry

May your loving arms caress me
Lips in tenderness touch mine
My lodge is want to hide thee
Wanyecia of the night be mine

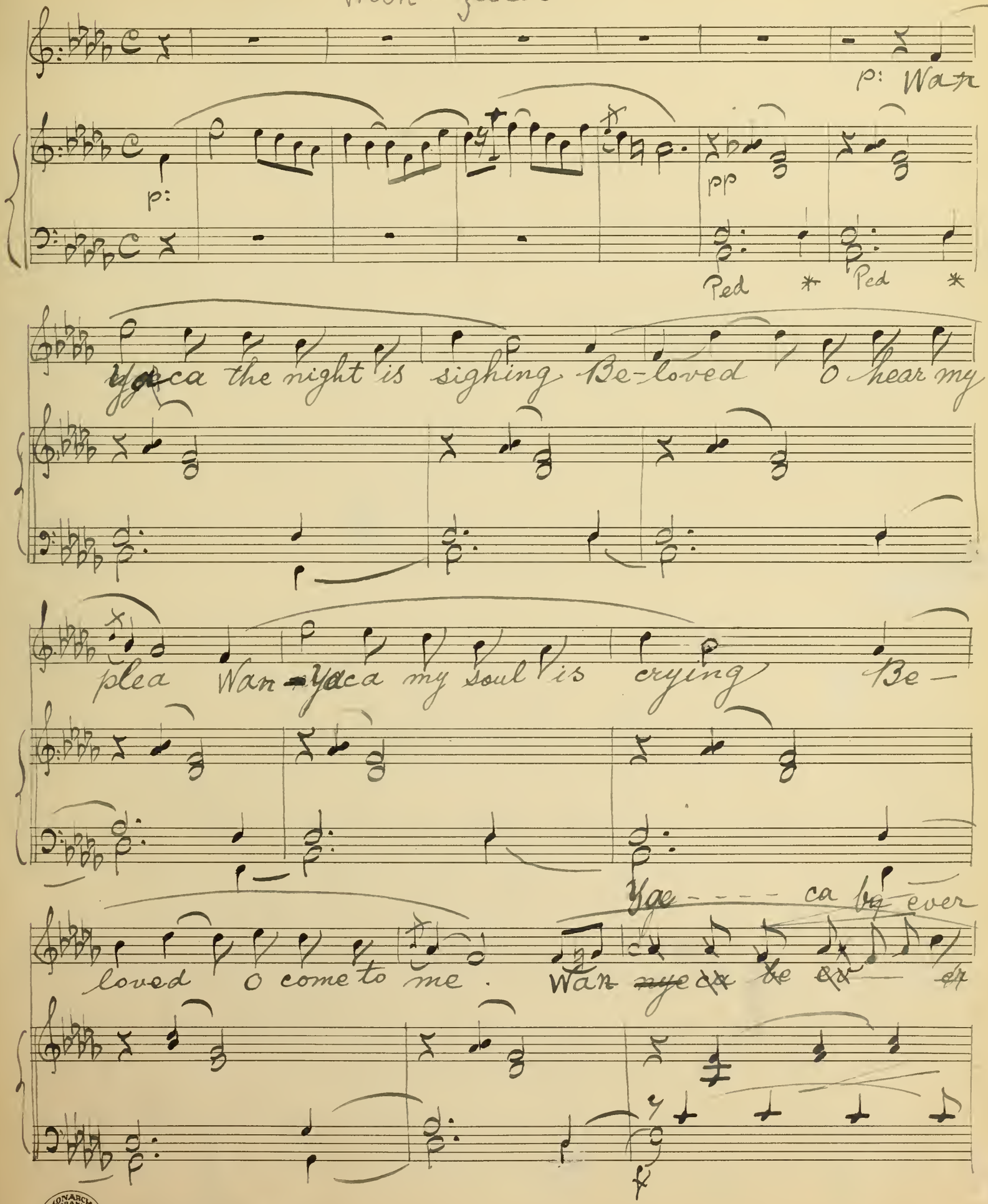
Wanyecia my Firefly
Hear O hear my pleading
Beloved hear my cry
Love is interseeding.

Poem by
Jessie G. M. Glick

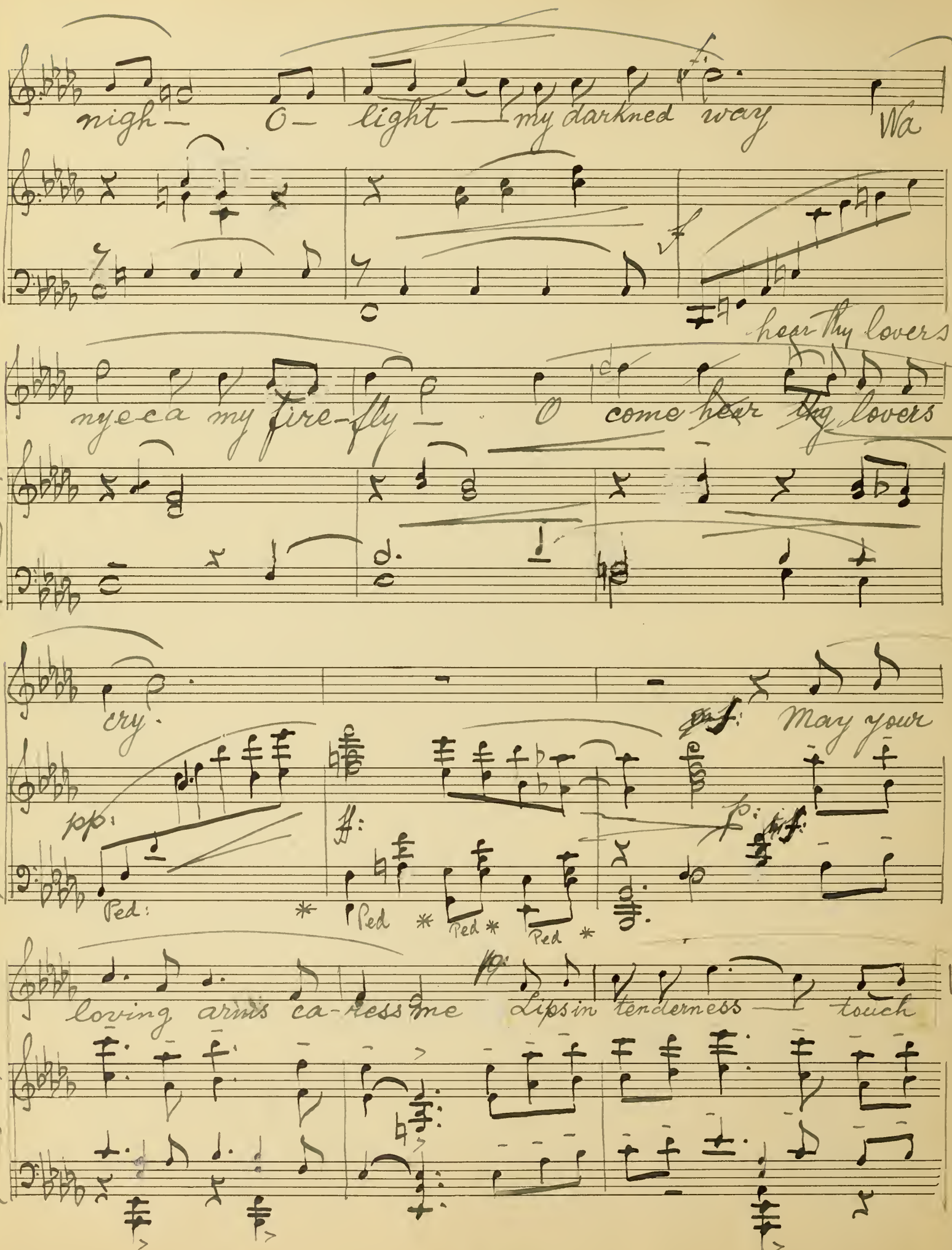
- Wanyeca -

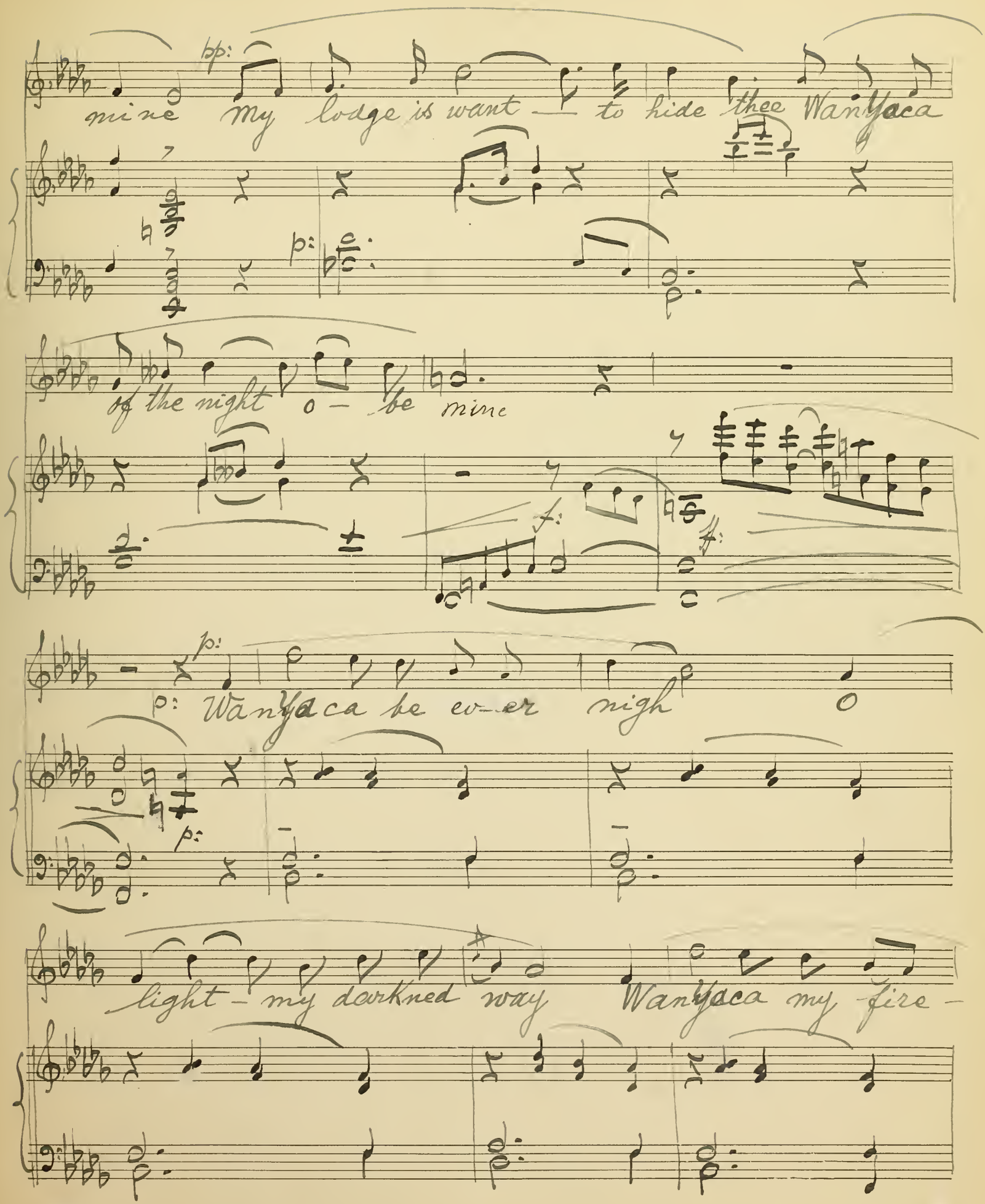
Wan - Yaca

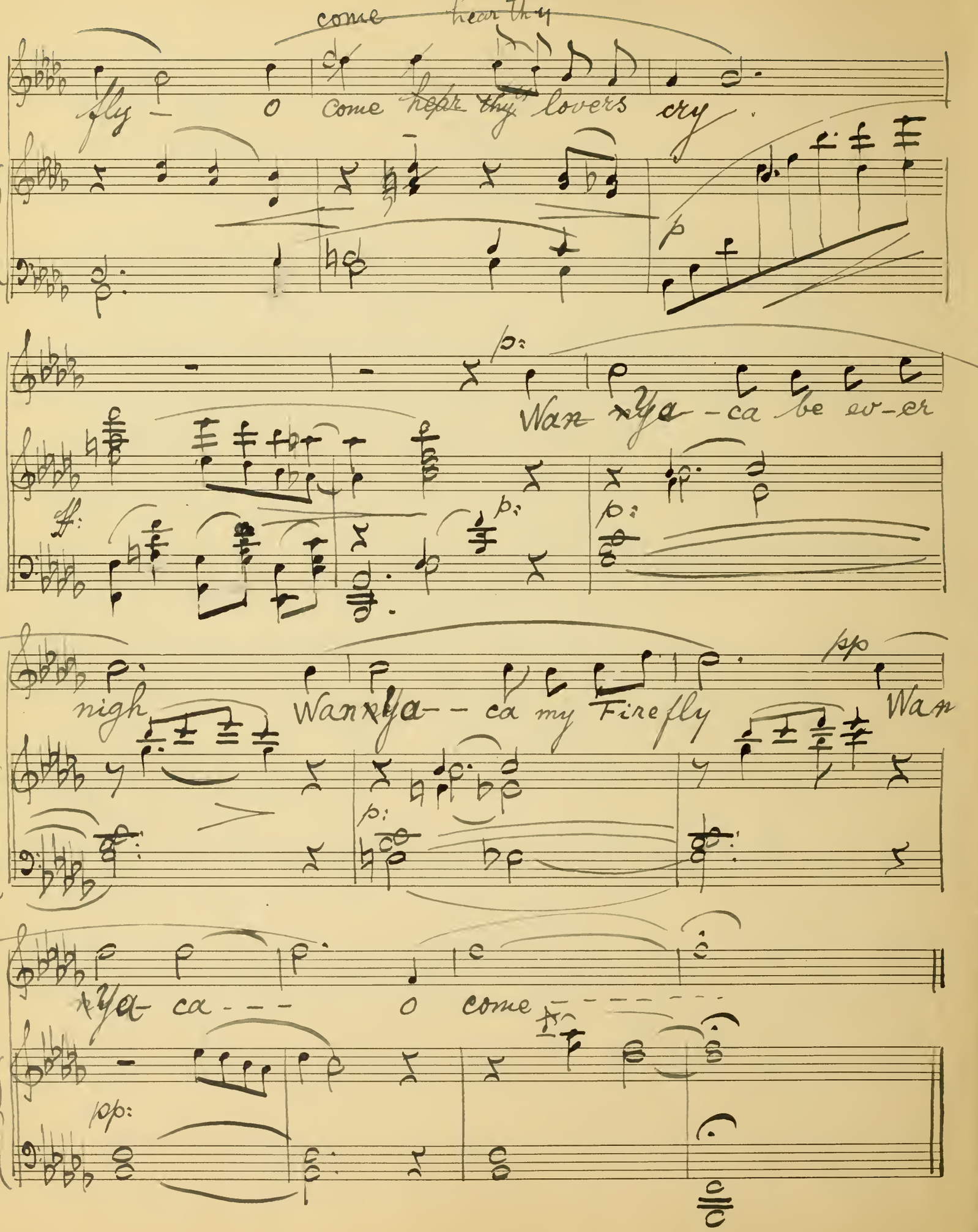
Music by
Domenico Brescia



Nr. 3—Carl Fischer, New York.


nigh— O— light— my darkned way Wa
hear thy lovers
nyeca my fire-fly— O come hear thy lovers
cry.
May your
pp
Ped:
Ped
Ped
Ped
loving arms ca-ress me Lips in tenderness touch


mine my lodge is want — to hide thee Wanyaca
of the night o — be mine
p: Wanyaca be ev—er nigh
light — my darkned way Wanyaca my fire —


come hear thy
fly —
O come hear thy lovers cry
Wan xya - ca be ev-er
nigh
Wan xya - - ca my Firefly
Wan
xya - ca - - -
O come

Words by
Jesse G. M. Glick

= Wan-Yacka =

= Copy in G minor =

Music by
Domenico Brescia

p:

Wan-

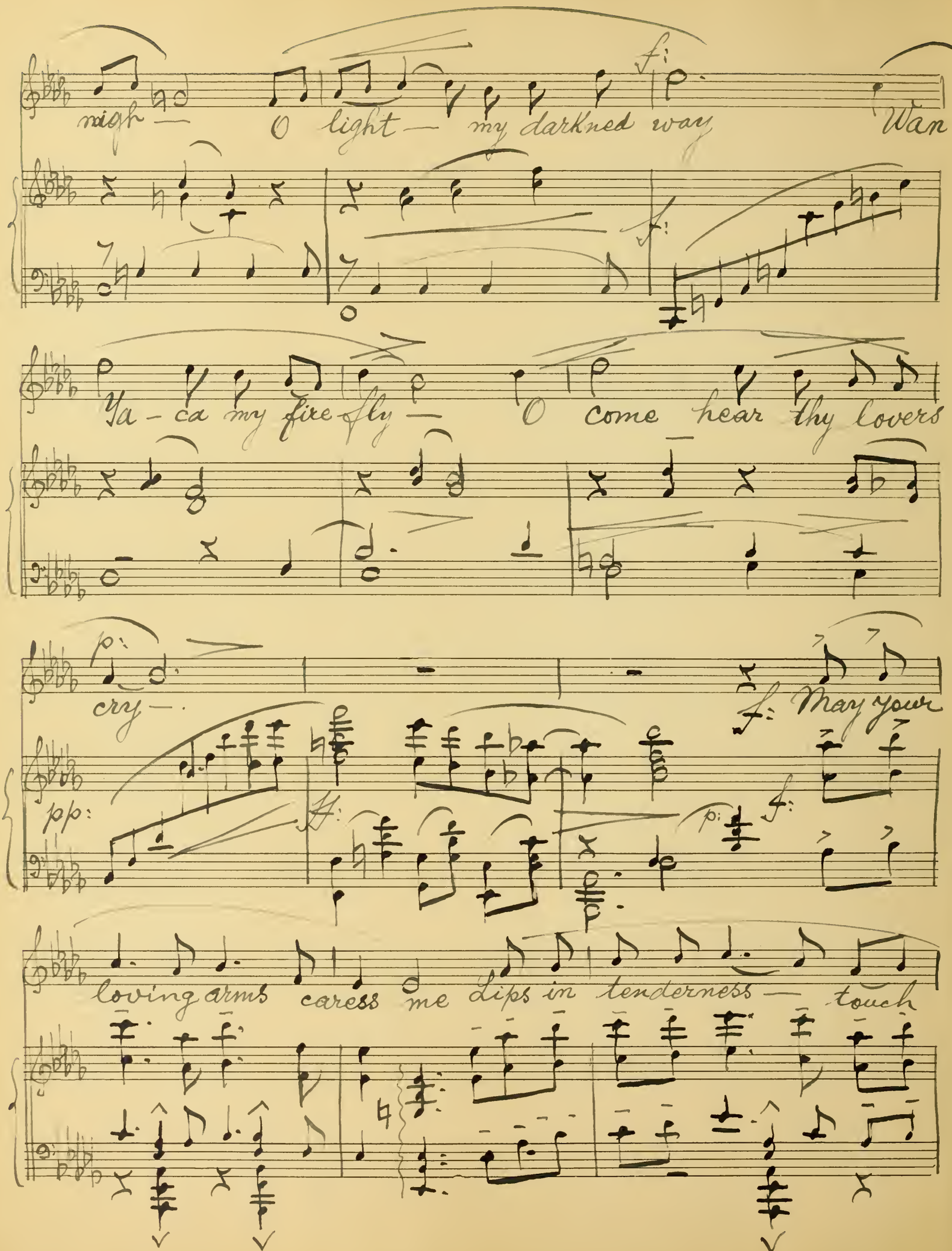
Ped * Ped *

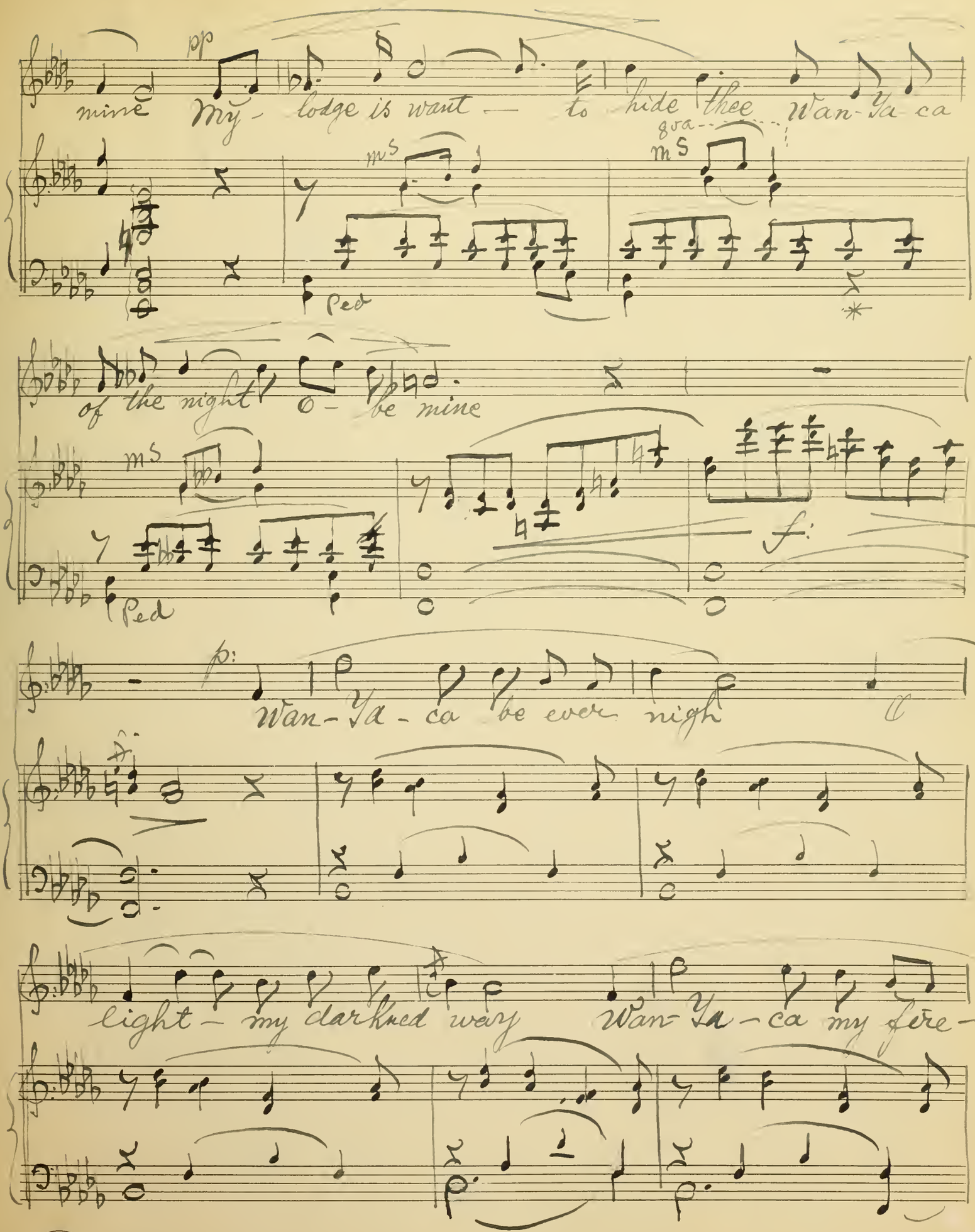
Ya- ca the night is sighing Be- loved - O hear my

plea Wan- Ya - ca my soul is crying Be-

loved - O come to me Wan - Ya - ca be ever

Nr. 3—Carl Fischer, New York.


nigh —
O light — my darkned way
Wan
Ya - ca my fire-fly —
O come hear thy lovers
cry —
May your
loving arms caress me Lips in tenderness — touch



pp

mine My - lodge is want — to hide thee Wan-Ya-ca

8va

ms

ms

Ped

of the night O - be mine

ms

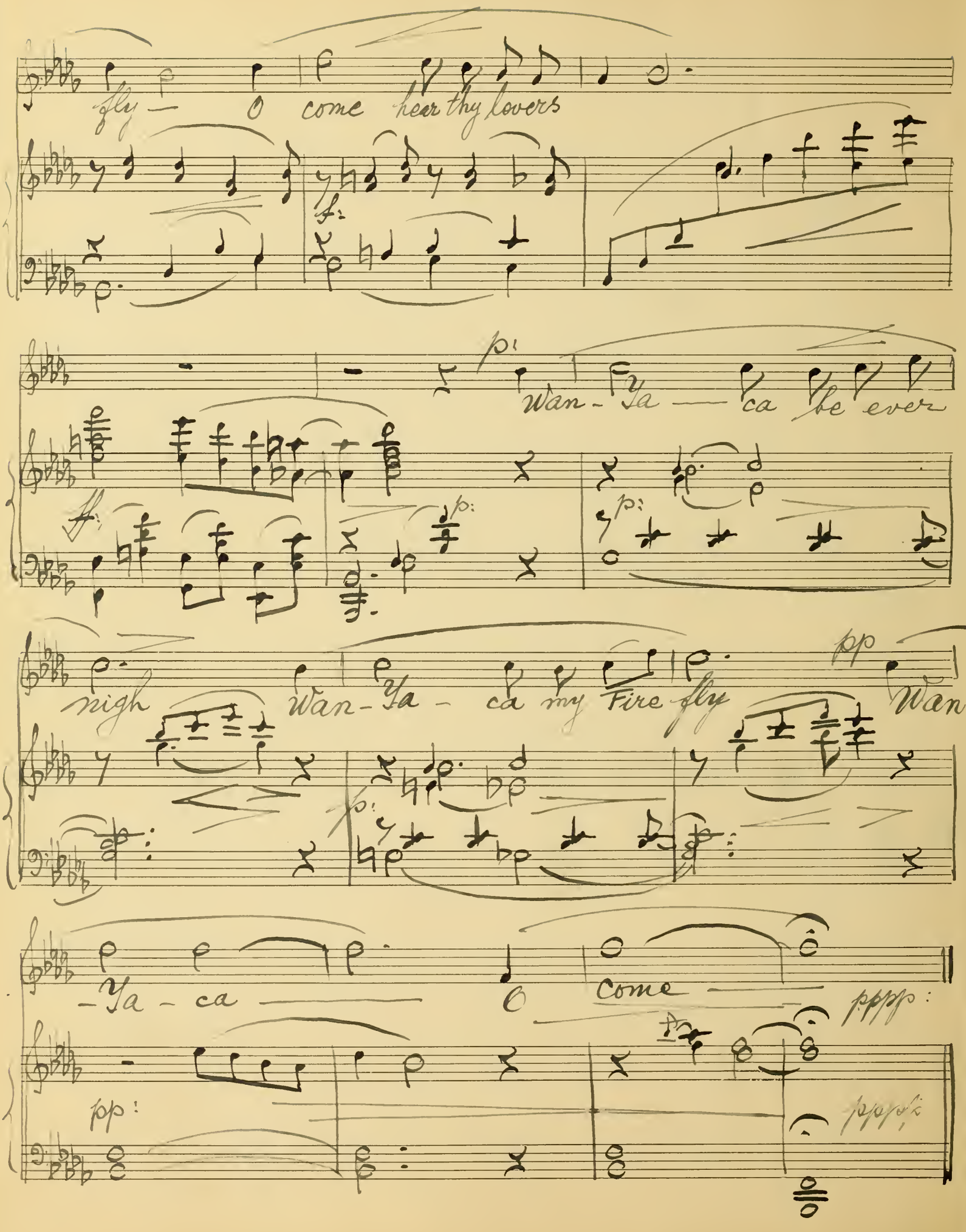
Ped

f:

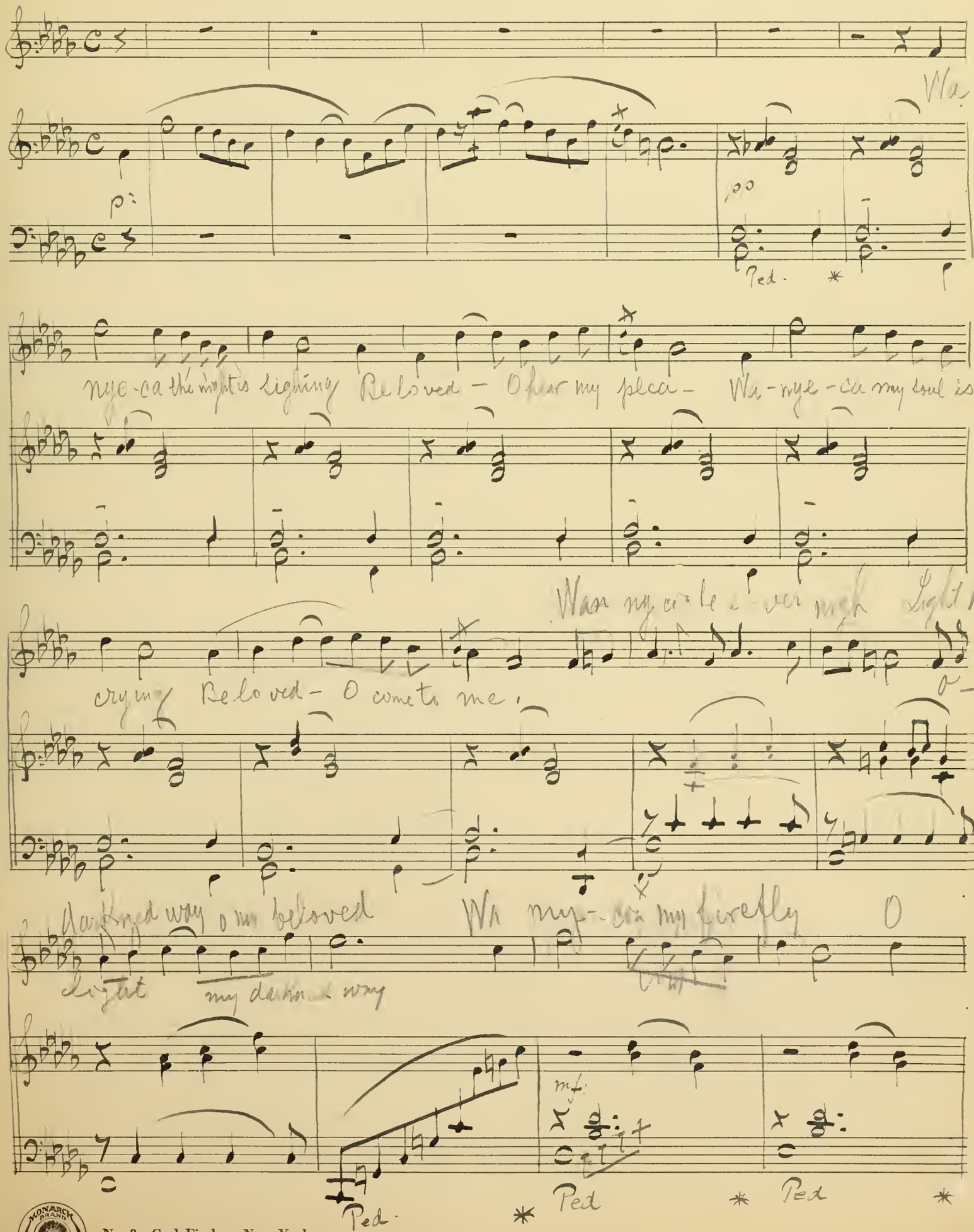
p:

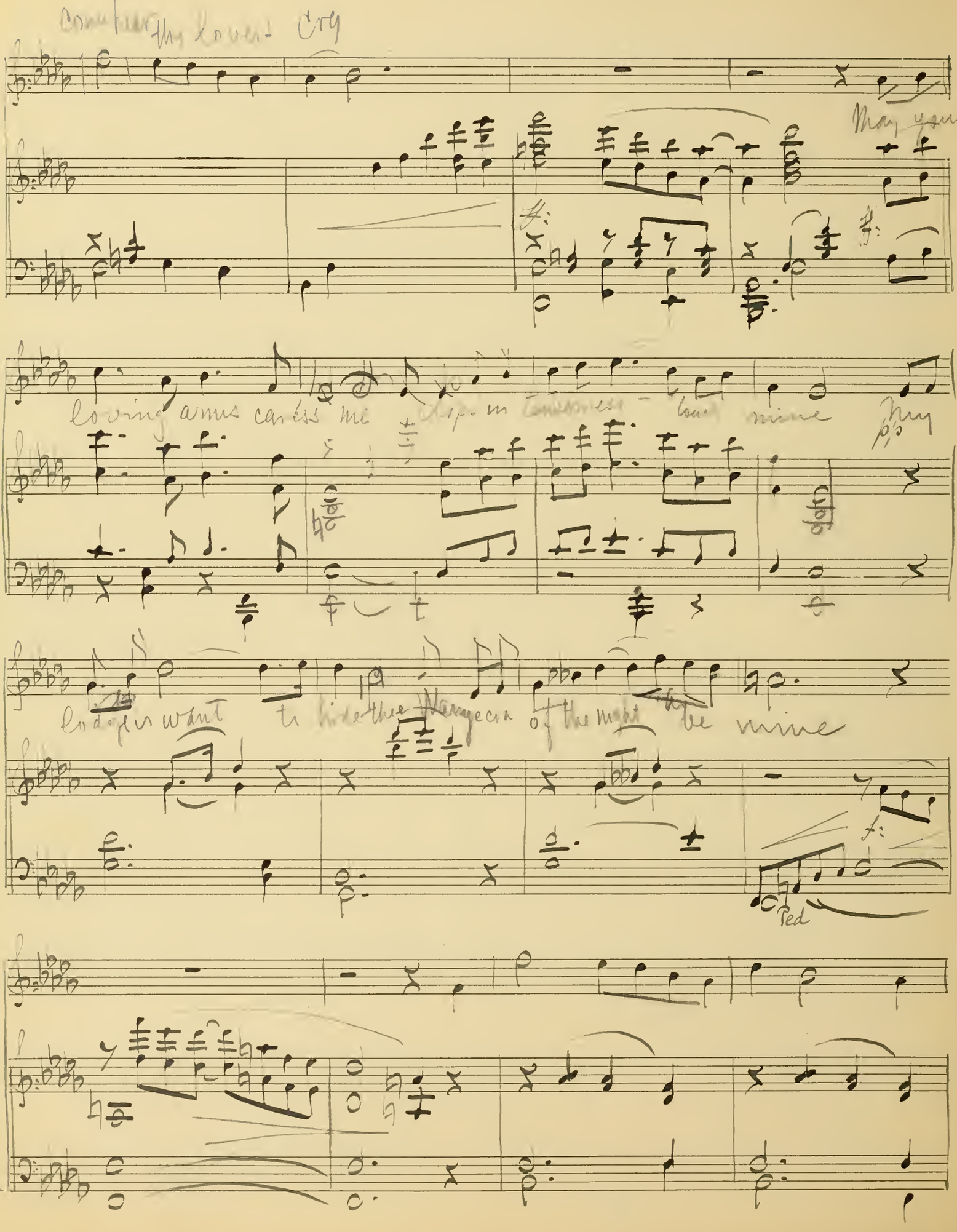
Wan-Ya-ca be ever nigh O

light - my darkned way Wan-Ya-ca my fire-


fly — O come hear thy lovers
Wan - Ya — ca be ever
nigh Wan - Ya - ca my Fire-fly Wan-
- Ya - ca —
O
Come —

ML96
.B74
U3
1966





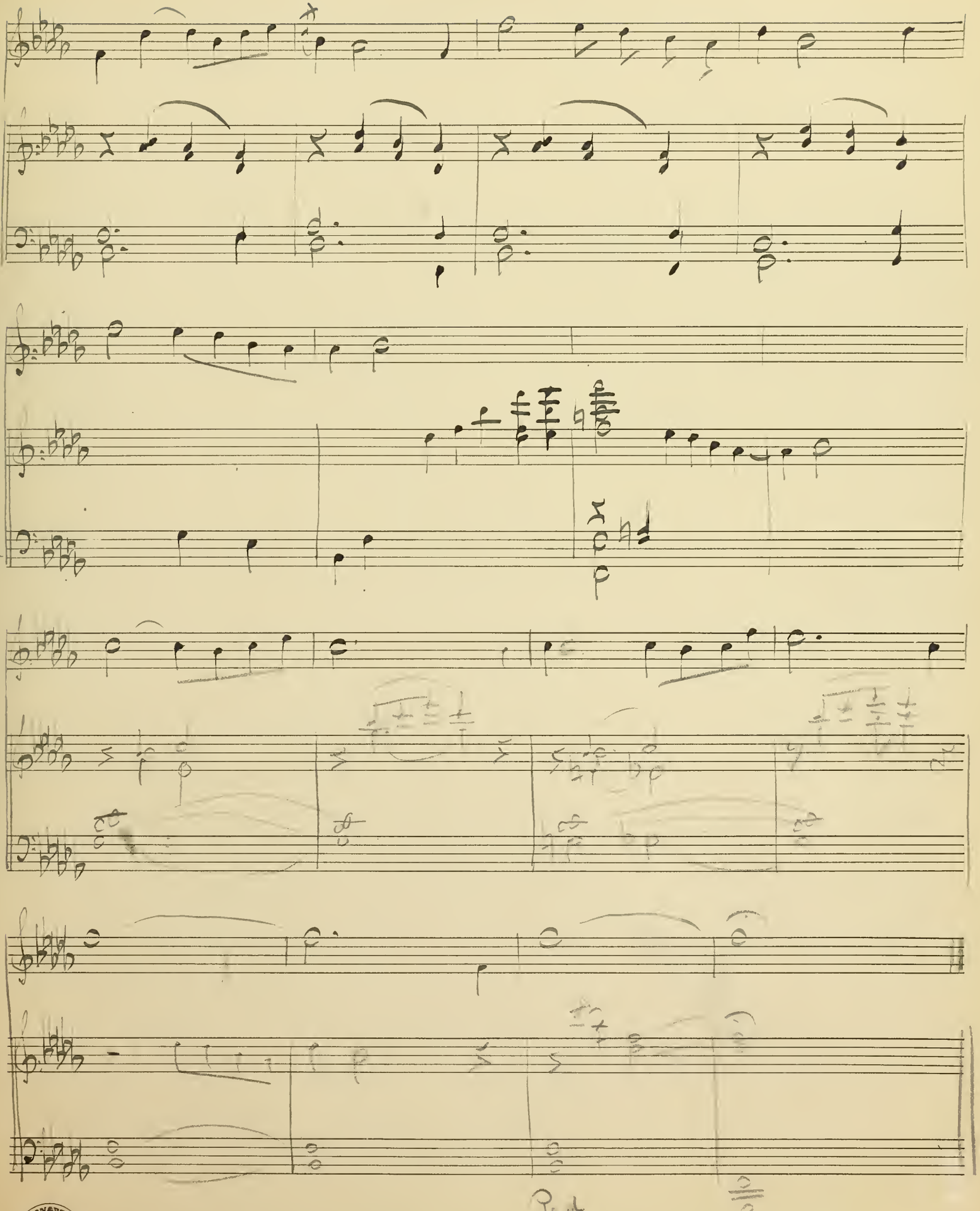
Comfort the lover's cry

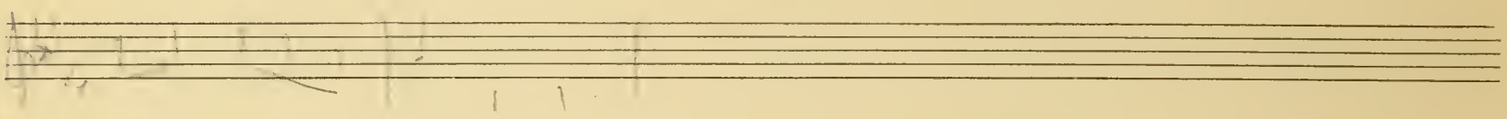
May your

loving arms caress me clips in tenderness - touch mine My

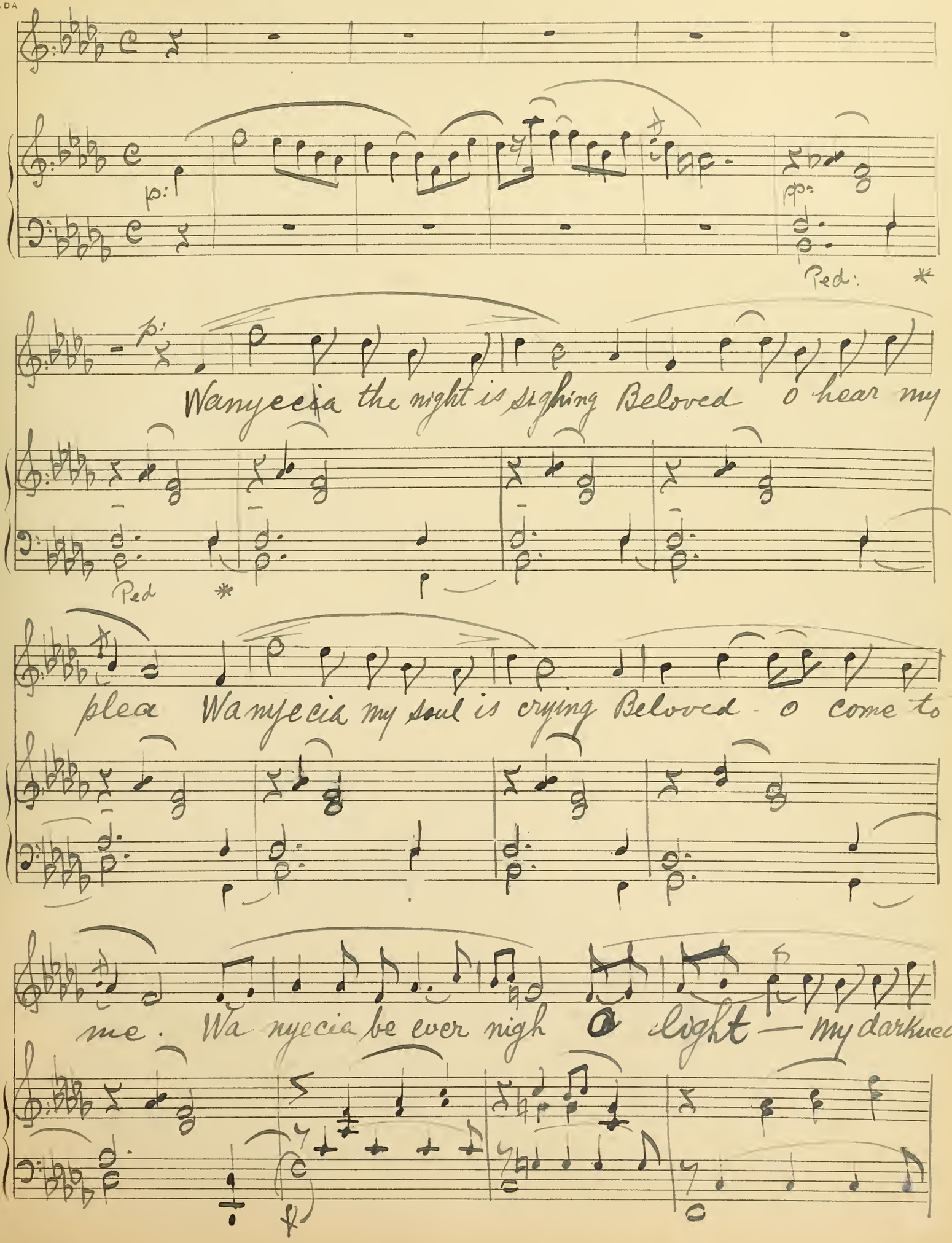
lodge is want to hide thee Nanyecra of the night be mine

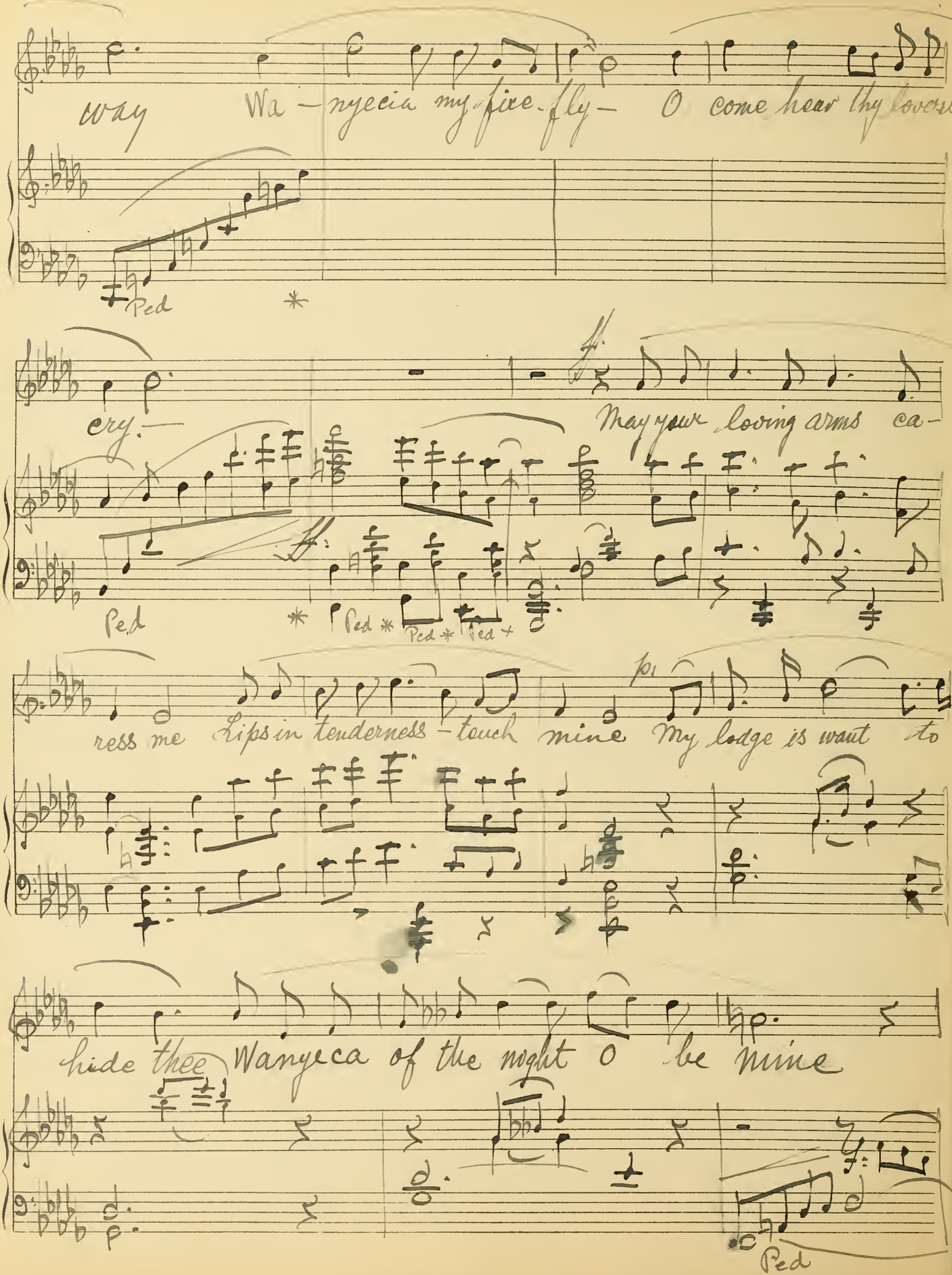
Ped


Ped.

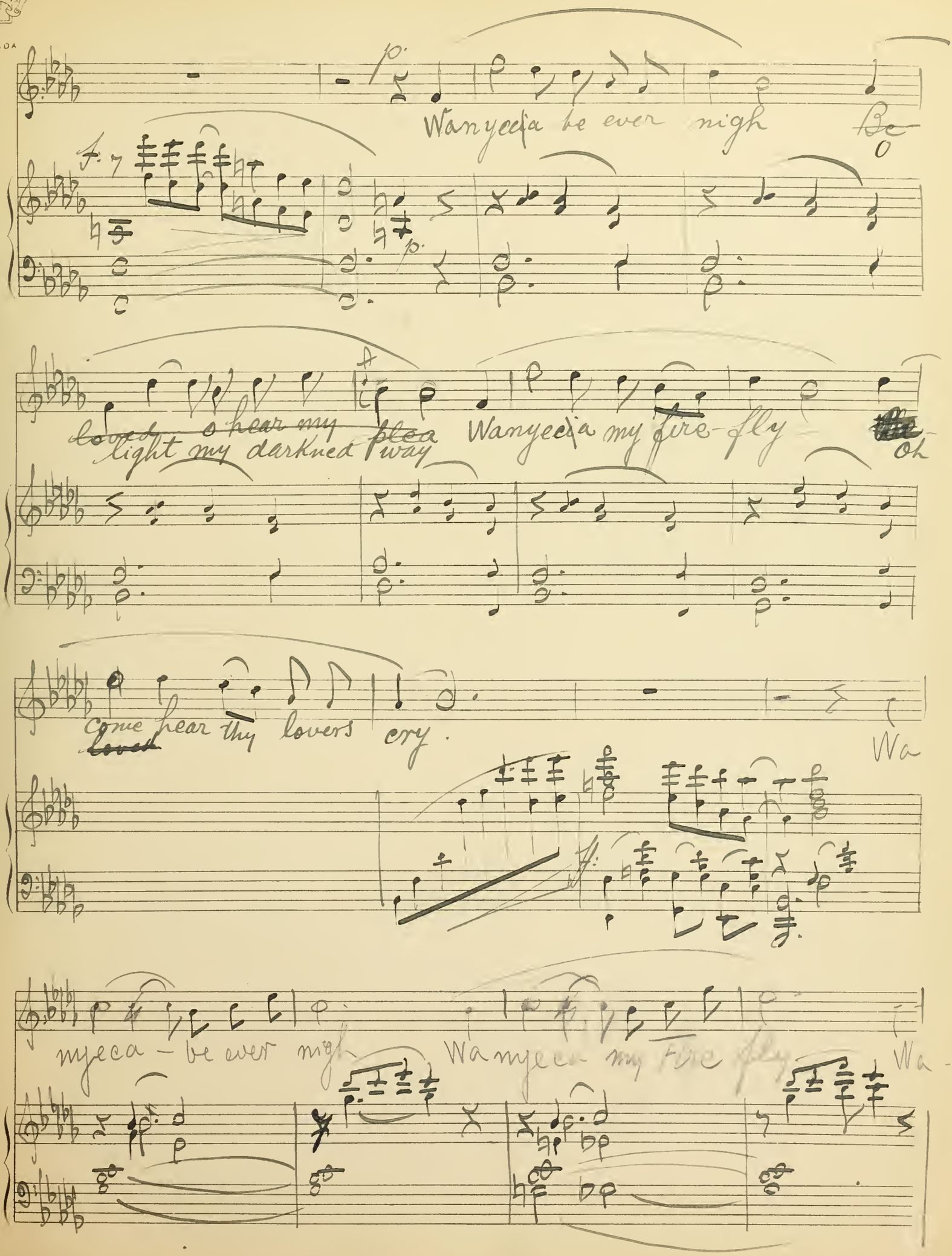


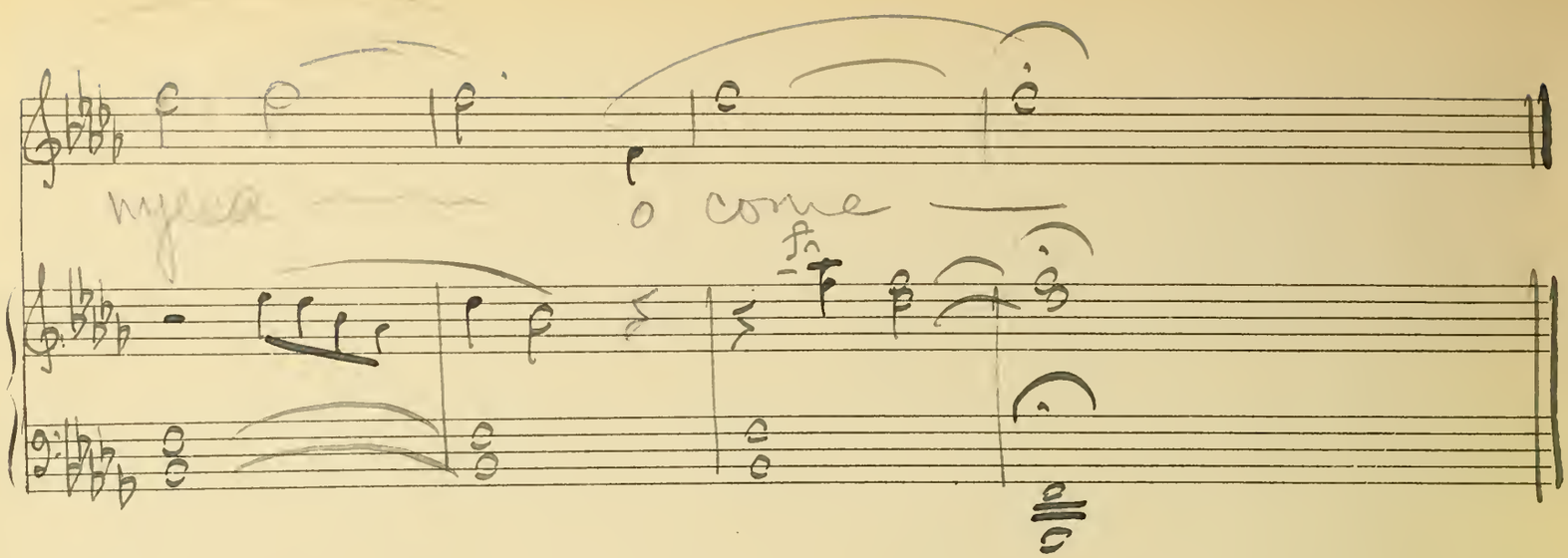
PRESSER
PHILA DA




way
Wa – nyeca my fire fly – O come hear thy lovers
Ped
*
cry –
May your loving arms ca –
Ped
*
Ped
*
Ped
*
Ped
ress me Lips in tenderness – touch mine My lodge is want to
hide thee Wanyeca of the night O be mine
Ped

PRESSER
PHILA DA




o come